

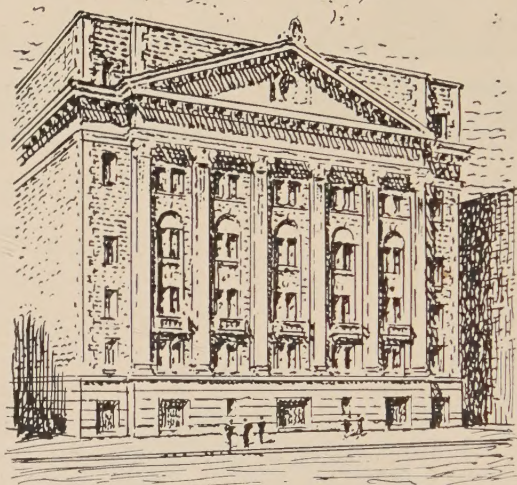
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



To the rich and poor, the white and
the black, the people of every creed,
every faith, every race, I send my
heartiest good wishes for a year of
Happiness, Prosperity and Peace—
Peace for ourselves and all mankind.
May God bless you all—every one!

PRESTON BRADLEY



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

“The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will.”

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Volume XXII

January, 1946

Number 10

Gifts for the New Year

Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!
I give thee to laugh at many a rout
That the last little New Year wept about;
I give thee to soar where he barely crept
And to rise, alert, where he slothfully slept;
I give thee to walk with steadier tread
Past the low green grave of a pleasure dead;
I bring thee the gift of a tenderness
Which is last year's sorrow in New Year's dress;
I bring thee power that the old year earned
In drudging toil and in soft ease spurned;
A dusty talent from off the shelf
And a laggard will, ashamed of itself;
A broader, kindlier Charity
For the little world that I share with thee;
A Faith which the Old Year found but frail
Rising to give the New Year hail;
And brave little Hope with her dauntless smile
Ready to share the last long mile.
And best of all, lest we go astray,
You and I on the untried way,
A heavenly Guide for every day!
Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!

RUBY E. WEYBURN

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

34th Year

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11 o'clock

Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock

Not Broadcast—2000 seats

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 a.m.



WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—8 o'clock

January Books

- Jan. 2—"Portrait of a Marriage"..... Pearl S. Buck
Jan. 9—"Modern Man Is Obsolete"..... Norman Cousins
Jan. 16—"Shinto, the Unconquered Enemy"..... Robert O. Ballou
Jan. 23—"One World in the Making"..... Ralph Barton Perry
Jan. 30—"Take It Easy"..... Arthur Guy Matthews



Dr. Bradley on the Air

Beginning Sunday, January 6th at 6 p.m. and every Sunday thereafter

"YOUR RIGHT TO SAY IT"

with Dr. Preston Bradley as Moderator

Every Sunday—WJJD—11 a.m.

Every weekday, Monday through Friday—WGN—6 p.m.

Every Wednesday a Book Review

Every Friday a Question Box

“DANGEROUS PROPHETS OF DOOM”

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

THE distinguished writer, novelist and historian, Mr. H. G. Wells, is responsible for the thought of the morning and for the title of the address. The prophets are now at work again as they have not been since the moment of disillusionment which followed the years of 1918 and 1920. And Mr. H. G. Wells said last week, “The end of everything we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded. This world is at the end of its tether.” That statement was published last Sunday in the London Sunday Express in London, England, and was brought to my attention early in the week by a broadcast which I heard from London last Sunday which repeated Mr. Wells’ prophecy of doom.

Now it makes a difference who says what. The air is filled with the raucous voices of many men, and some women, who are prophesying the end of the world, the doom of the world, and the final, inevitable tragedy of the world. Many of them do not worry me very much, I do not pay very much attention to them because by their own self-revealed evidence they are not qualified to speak as philosophers of history, they do not give evidence of being trained in the distinctions of historical philosophy, they usually speak under the imperative of heat and passion rather than intelligent understanding of history. With those who do not evidence, by training, by scholarship, by equipment, or by intelligence, any right to speak authoritatively on the end of anything, I am not concerned. But when a man speaks who has intelligence and ability, and above all gives

and has given repeatedly, over a long period of time, evidence that he knows historical processes and historical trends and possesses an educated mind, and a mind under the discipline of the principle of logistics and of fine scholarship, then I listen. That is the kind of man and the kind of person to whom I give attention.

Now, I am going to read an extract from what Mr. Wells has said. Mr. Wells is now 79 years old—that’s nearly 80—but that has nothing to do with it. When I was lecturing to the Hamilton Park Woman’s Club the other day, a member of our Church who is 93, sat on a front seat at the lecture and was one of the most brilliant and inspiring auditors I had, and she has a youthful mind and is anticipating the future, so don’t think Mr. Wells’s being 79 years old has anything to do with his philosophy. Some of the oldest people I know are 25, and some of the youngest I know are 80, so let’s not worry about his age. But you will recall that in 1933 he published a book entitled “The Shape of Things to Come.” I lectured here in our Wednesday evening lecture course on that book, and in that book Mr. Wells predicted that the second world war would break out in 1940, and that it would probably break out in Danzig, and that the first real fighting would be between Poland and Germany. Now he finds that the theory of the orderly recurrence of events, which once seemed the primary law of life, is no longer true. He says, “People are discovering a frightful queerness has come into life. Even unobservant people are

betraying, by fits and starts, a certain wonder, a shrinking, fugitive sense that something is happening so that life will never be quite the same. Spread out and examine the pattern of events and you will find yourself face to face with a new scheme of being, hitherto unimaginable by the human mind. The obstinate vitality of this new awareness prompts philosophical minds to seek some way out, around, or through the impasse. It is the end."

Remember, these are not my words. I am quoting. "Hitherto events have been held together by a certain logical consistency as the heavenly bodies, as we know them, have been held together by the pull of the golden cord of gravitation. Now it is as if the cord had vanished and everything is driving anyhow to anywhere at a steadily increasing velocity. The limit of the orderly, secular development of life had seemed to be a definitely fixed one, so it was possible to sketch out the pattern of things to come, but that limit has been reached and passed into hitherto incredible chaos. Distance has been abolished and events have become practically simultaneous throughout the planet. Life had to adapt itself to that or perish, and, with the presentation of that ultimatum, the pattern of things to come faded away." Mr. Wells continues, "Events now follow one another in an entirely untrustworthy sequence. No one knows what tomorrow will bring forth but no one but the modern scientific philosopher can accept this untrustworthiness fully. They go on and on to impenetrable mystery, into voiceless, limitless darkness against which this obstinate urgency of our dissatisfied minds may struggle but will struggle only until altogether overcome. Our world of self-delusion will admit none of that. It is like a convoy lost in darkness on an unknown, rocky

coast, with quarreling pirates in the chartroom and savages clambering up the sides of the ship to plunder and do evil as the whim takes them. The mind is near exhaustion and still it makes a final, futile movement toward the way out, or around, or through, the impasse. That is the utmost bow the mind can make. And this, its last expiring thrust, demonstrates that the door closes upon us for evermore. There is no way out, around, or through."

So speaks one of the modern prophets of doom, whose intelligence cannot be denied, whose scholarship cannot be impugned, whose creative capacity has embellished our literature, whose sincerity cannot be questioned, but who, in my opinion, is 100% wrong. I can hear someone now in the congregation or out there in the air somewhere, sending back to me this lovely, encouraging, inspiring reaction, "Doctor Bradley, you put your judgment and your interpretation of history up against that of H. G. Wells? You dare do that?" That is what someone will say to me. Yes, I dare. I don't want to infer that I am co-equal with Mr. Wells as a philosopher of history, I am not. I don't want to imply that I am familiar with historical processes as is Mr. Wells, I don't want to imply that my poor little brain, that has a very difficult time trying to comprehend even the life around me, is capable of the comprehensive sweep of human destiny of a Mr. Wells. I don't want you to misunderstand me but I have something that Mr. Wells does not possess. With all of his scholarship, with all of his learning, with all of his ability, with all of his historical philosophical knowledge, I would not trade places with Mr. Wells today if I had to accept his ultimatum of life. I have something Mr. Wells has not, something of such paramount and infinite value that I pity Mr. Wells, I don't criticize him, I pity him. I have

an ever growing, ever deepening, ever developing, ever increasing, consummate faith, *FAITH IN GOD, FAITH IN MAN, FAITH IN THE FUTURE. THAT'S SOMETHING MR. WELLS HAS NOT*, and that is something that a lot of prophets of doom have not who are shouting from the housetops, "The world is coming to an end, it is all going to wind up in some great, mighty, cataclysm, and smash into a billion, billion fragments and fall forever through space!" Why, I think the world is just getting a good start. I don't think we have yet reached even the first milestone of what man predicates he may accomplish by the things he has already done—I think we are just beginning. I wish I had 50 more years of life; I wish I were 25 today, or 20. And these prophets of doom that howl and shout and yell and scream, basically, what do they acknowledge? They acknowledge that evil, and evil men, and evil nations, and evil leaders are more powerful than good men, good nations, good leaders, and that therefore, finally, evil is going to triumph in the world. That's what they believe. You have got to believe that the devil is stronger than God if you accept the idea that what God has created is doomed to failure, and I don't think the devil is stronger than God. *I THINK THAT GOD IS STILL AT THE HELM*. I know what is happening; I know the tragedy of China; and wouldn't you think that after nine long years of fighting that the poor people of China would never want to see another hour of it? I know the dangers of China, the vacuum in Europe, I know about Malaya, and Korea, and Java, Egypt, and Jews, and black men, and many others, I watch the events of the world, I understand, I stand at my little window of life and look out at this passing pageantry of the people in chaos and despair. I have talked with

returning soldiers who waded into the hell of fire and blood, who say, "Why did we do it, what did we accomplish, what have we brought home? Victory! And see what you are doing with it!" Don't think I am not realistic, I am familiar with all of these almost universal conversations that you hear everywhere about the streets today, about the next war, the Next War, *THE NEXT WAR!* Everybody is talking about the next war. I understand that, I know that there is great evidence of a collapse of a certain quality of world leadership—I know that. I know because I saw it born at the San Francisco Conference, when almost the first meeting under the charter resulted in a complete fiasco of the foreign ministers themselves. I know that. I am just as familiar with all of the impending doom that is gathering over this world as anyone in this audience, or anyone listening to me, and I am realistic in my observations and comprehensions of international and internal affairs, of course, I am. Does that drive me into an attitude of despair and hopelessness that there is nothing that can be done about it? Do you know what this hour is? I think it is the crisis of a disease. Every physician and every surgeon listening to me at this moment will agree with me that there comes a moment—and I see it during my hospital visits and calls, I have seen it half a dozen times this week—that there comes a time in every personal physical development with this matter of disease when you come to a crisis, and that crisis is necessary for the healing; there must always be the crisis, and rather than accepting anything whatever that is happening in this world today as death and finality, and rather than believing that there is no way through, and no way around, and no way out, and that we are all doomed, rather than accept that,

I interpret this hour as the birthpangs of a new day! The screams you are hearing now in the world, the shrieks that rend the air are all the cries from the maternity ward of life giving birth to life. That's what this hour is. Out of all this there will be born the finest opportunity the world has ever seen.

Mr. Wells says it is over; but just remember this, all you dangerous prophets of doom who say the end of the world is near and it is all finished, remember this: they have said that for twenty centuries; every hour in human history has had a voice that shouted to the housetops "The world is doomed!" It is not many weeks ago when some crackpot out in Los Angeles even had the day and hour set, and he said, "Everybody get ready for it, we have come to the end of it now!" and the last thing that I recall is that he was brought before an alienist commission. Why not? Why not? I happen to think that there probably is not a foreign minister, a president of any country, including this one, who may be in office when the peace for the world is made. We are two years, five years, from peace, even the official day for the ending of the war has never been determined yet. All that we have now is an armistice! There has never been an official date yet by anybody as to the end of this war; that date has not yet been set. And as I have stood in this pulpit and said many, many things that involved the future, may I be a prophet in these closing moments? I know that it is very dangerous to assume the role of a prophet because the people will not let you forget, but I want you to remember maybe five years hence you men in uniform who are here in such numbers today, five years or ten years hence, go back to November 4th, 1945, in The Peoples Church of Chicago and remember this:

I can hear underneath all of the

rumblings, the incompetencies, the failures, the tragedies, the racial tensions, the labor tensions, the nationalisms, underneath all this I can hear the rhythmic beating of voices and hearts that you will hear from soon. New voices are coming to this world, new personalities are going to arise in every nation in the world. There are men and women coming out of Russia, out of China, out of Britain, out of France, out of Germany, out of the United States, out of Scandinavia, out of South America, out of this world, voices that you have never yet heard, personalities whose names you do not know. The world is going to enter a great renaissance, a new birth of humanity is taking place!

Mr. Wells, and every other prophet of doom, is wrong, they are fundamentally wrong! Civilization has staked its tents and is on the march, and the great people of the world are going to rise and they are going to say to every prime minister, every foreign minister, every president, every king, every potentate of this earth, "We are finished with your failures and your selfishness and your greed and your lack of vision and your inability, we are going to put upon the stage of the world's action men and women who can do what you ought to do and have not the courage to do!" A new day for the people of the world is coming! The people who receive the least in peace and who pay the biggest price in war are getting tired of the failures of these men who get them into a blind alley and then cannot get them out without the blood of the youth of the world!

YES, THERE IS A WAY THROUGH, AND THERE IS A WAY AROUND, AND THERE IS A WAY OVER, AND THERE IS A WAY UP, AND THE WORLD WILL FIND THAT WAY, and you will see in a few months that there will be

evidences of a political upheaval, and turmoil, and new leaders, new guides, new inspirations will come and the world will reflect back to the heart of God a justification for God's creation of the world. Away with your despair, you are not caught in a trap, you are not in the grip of an uncontrollable destiny, not at all! You can make and carve your way straight to the gates of the Kingdom, and the gates will be opened, and this world will reflect the dignity and the beauty of God. The

Gripsholm when she landed recently in New York brought some people who had been the victims of a Japanese prison camp. As a newspaper reporter met one of those people, he said to them, "What did you think about; what was your attitude during all those dark years when you were a prisoner?" One of them replied: "Every hour of my imprisonment I prayed that I would be worthy of my freedom when it came." Are you worthy?

We Are Grateful to You!

No word or group of words can be easily chosen to express our thanks and gratitude to all our friends for their remembrance of us this holiday season. For every gift, for every card, for every message bearing a kind and considerate thought—yes, for every good thought we are especially grateful. It is never the gift or expression so much as it is the thought back of it that counts. For every prayer and friendly greeting we are thankful! We have had so much to be thankful for this Christmas. Our hearts are full to overflowing.

May this year which lies ahead, new and untried, hold much gladness—and may Peace abide in every heart!

Grace and Preston Bradley.

The Church is Grateful!

The Peoples Church, its pastor, its trustees, and all the allied organizations of the church, join in expressing to you, the members, the radio listeners, and all the friends of the church, our heartfelt thanks and deepest appreciation for all the contributions, the thoughtfulness, the effort and the financial support which brought the Peoples Church Bazaar to such a happy and outstanding success.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
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EDITORIAL

IS IT not rare in this world to find people actually doing the things which they desperately like to do? The things which give them actual inner satisfaction? My experience with people has taught me that most of us are not doing that at all. Most of us are not really doing the work which we love most to do, and of course since Pearl Harbor, more and more has that become a fact, with women as well as men. I am sure that if I were to ask many of you listening, some of you might say: "Well, what I am doing is only an interim with me. I am doing what I am doing because I must, but I hope some day, when things are better adjusted once more, I will be able to do the thing I really want to do." In a letter which I received from a soldier boy who was still in Europe and which he wrote shortly after Thanksgiving, he mentioned among the things he could be grateful for, first of all America, and then he said: "And think of how the Lord took care of me, by putting me in a place where I have had the opportunity of going on with my work, and having others enjoy what I have to offer."

If I were able to sit down quietly and ask you: "What was your dream for your life when you were 15, or 18, or 20, when there was youth and a tomorrow—what was the dream at 15 that you had for yourself when you would be 40, or what was it at 20 that you thought you would have definitely achieved at 50—what has happened to those dreams, aside from the four years of struggle which we have been through, that today so many people find life such a tragic experience and suffer such a sense of defeat? Dr. Marsten has made a survey in which, from a carefully tabulated list, he asked this question: "Are you happy in your work? Are you doing the things and living the life that gives you the very finest sense of life's beauty and happiness; that creates for you a joyous personality; that blends in your face, not the agony and worry of selfishness and hate, but the radiance of a happy and integrated life?" Ninety-four people out of every 100 whom Dr. Marsten asked, said "no," and they all intimated that they were so deeply concerned with the future that they were losing all of the happiness of the present.

Now I know it would be utterly ridiculous for me to suggest that none of us should think about the future. I believe that the best ordered life always does; that every life should give consideration to what in the vernacular of the street has been called "the rainy day." Of course I believe that. But I also believe there is a happy medium that most people are not finding. I believe that this medium would bring a much deeper gratification for life than most of us experience. I would be the first to admit that today economic and world complications are such that for a majority of people constant anxiety about tomorrow hangs over them. That in itself is destructive to adequate living. There are millions of people in this world living under conditions of constant anxiety. I understand the difficulties under which these millions of lives are existing, and the difficulties which they are having as they face their life, but there still is a happy medium, even in such relationship. Individuals are entitled and can create for themselves, even under the haunting, awful spectacle of uncertainty and unrest, a finer quality of happiness than they now possess. It is not necessary to postpone it until tomorrow. There are surrounding us in every experience, and hour and day of life, opportunities for happiness; and even the most harassed and unfortunate need not permit their immediate circumstances to interfere definitely with an inner gratification and joyousness. We have not learned the secret yet. It doesn't take very much of anything, money, kindness, love, to bring a little more joy, a little more beauty into life. Even in the smallest gesture, in the most humble home, if it is no more than a little trinket, an inexpensive little flower purchased at the florist, if it is nothing more than the expenditure of a few pennies or

merely some little thoughtful gesture, most of us could find a deeper happiness than we are finding. It is the postponement—the waiting for the day when we shall have a big income, or when fortune shall smile upon us and we shall have name and fame and honor, or when circumstances shall make us happy that is the difficulty. Most of us are constantly looking way ahead to some great day and not to the day which we have. I know many people who have sacrificed and denied themselves and given up things, have fought against any immediate pleasure, refused to spend for something that they needed and wanted, even it might have been a luxury, who have postponed constantly a momentary happiness, for an anticipated enjoyment. I shall not forget what one of America's most picturesque philosophers, Elbert Hubbard, wrote in his book "White Hyacinths." He started with a quotation from that ancient philosopher—and it wasn't Confucius—who said: "If I had but two pennies, I should spend one for bread, and with the other buy hyacinths for my soul." The difficulty with most of our lives has been that it has taken all we could make for bread and we have impoverished our souls in the fear and anxiety of waiting until some other day dawned, and we would be in more fortunate circumstances.

At a time when we hear so much about a more perfect social order, or a perfect economic system, or a perfect governmental technique, I do not become unduly excited about the perfection of the external. I am thinking about the perfection by which one can, by the proper relationship between society and oneself, every day of the week, get the very acme of enjoyment and happiness out of life. There is too much misery in the world. Individuals are altogether too unhappy,

and part of it comes from waiting for a Utopia or expecting perfection. You are entitled to happiness and what is the use of postponing it? I asked a mother the other day, who is a true mother to her children, "Why are you working so hard?" "Oh," she said, "I want the children to grow up to be fine men and women and then I am going to have a good rest." I suppose

there are millions of mother hearts in this world saying the same thing, but it is not right. There should be rest along the way and not at the end. She was postponing her happiness for a tomorrow—a tomorrow that may never come. There are a lot of us doing that. Don't wait for tomorrow. Remember that today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday. P. B.



BOOK CHATS

EVERY Wednesday night for the past thirteen years I have given a Book Lecture in my church and during the month of November the average attendance was 1200 people. Every Wednesday night at six o'clock on my broadcast over station WGN for several years I have given a book review, and never has the response in the radio mail been greater or more encouraging than it has been this season. The American people are becoming more and more book-minded.

I sometimes try to classify myself in relation to books and what I try to do with books. I am not a book reviewer, neither am I a book critic. These are two distinct things; but however my work would be classified when I talk about books, I have for myself one standard and that is, I hope I can talk about a book in such a way that the one who listens will want to read the book. That is the point. A book reviewer or a book critic who does such a good job of reviewing and criticizing that one who hears or reads the review or the criticism says, "Now I don't have to read that book," I don't think is a good book reviewer, or a good book critic. There is no substitute

for reading a book oneself. One may get an idea from a reviewer or critic as to whether one would be interested in the book or not, and decide not to read it. That is logical and there is nothing the matter with that type of review, but when a review is done in such a way that one says "Now I don't have to read the book," then I think it falls short of being a good review. I have tried to approach books, both in my broadcast reviews and in my longer lectures on books, with the idea of encouraging and inspiring the listeners to read the book for themselves. It is not fair to the author to have it otherwise.

I am going to introduce you to a book that has the interesting and somewhat startling title of "How to Live Beyond Your Means," and written by the distinguished and well known author Margery Wilson. You will recall Mr. Adler's "How to Read a Book" as a fine example of one of the better "how to" books, and now we have another one in the book "How to Live Beyond Your Means." This "how to" book is one which I know every reader will discover as being one of the most interesting and refreshing experiences

in reading they have ever had. One of the best reactions to this book came from my study secretary, Ethel Wells Smalley, who, after reading the book said: "Well, that is the kind of book I want to own, because I want to go back to it again and again, for in it there is always something of daily practical help." The name of Margery Wilson is well known. She is the friend and companion of many famous people, including diplomats, society women, people of the theatre, and is probably the greatest expert in America on modern social behavior. Being alert to the psychology of the present day, Margery Wilson in this last book, "How to Live Beyond Your Means," has given us one of the most inspiring readable books of this present era.

The book contains twelve chapters and I think if I give you the heading of these chapters it will give you an idea of what she has done: the first one, "I want more, don't you?" 2nd, "Just ask for it." 3rd, "More Friends." 4th, "More for your time and postage when you write." 5th, "More fun out of life." 6th, "More health for the same amount of care." 7th, "More for your time and effort at home." 8th, "More accomplished." 9th, "More for your reading time." 10th, "More for your money when you entertain." 11th, "More happiness for the love you give," and the final and concluding chapter adds a most intimate and personal summary of her philosophy of life, which she calls "As I was saying."

Here is a golden opportunity to learn how to get the most you can out of life; to squeeze significance and happiness out of every moment, every hour, out of everything which happens in the daily round of existence. In this, her remarkable new book, Margery Wilson holds out to everybody the opportunity for successful living, thinking and loving. In this book she has

broadened the scope of her previous books, and here shares with you her own hard-won knowledge that it is useless to "kick against the bricks" of a universe which refuses to yield before your insistent demands that it conform to the devices and desires of the heart of any one person. It is necessary to go along with the universe which, as Mrs. Wilson says, has been in business a long time; but she claims there is more to be had from this old world for a very small amount of effort, if you are only willing to search for it.

It is around that simple little word "more" that Mrs. Wilson builds her philosophy and explains the technique by which it can be achieved in practical, every-day living. You can have more fun, more friends, more for your reading time, more work accomplished, more health, more for your money, more even for the love you give, if you only know the technique of the "more philosophy" of life.

Please don't think of it as belonging to the ordinary, mediocre, platitudinous type of book on the psychology of living. It isn't one of those "how to be happy though married" things. Far from it. The book belongs in an entirely different category. She says "it takes courage to live beyond your means. It takes more than ordinary vision to look beyond the agonies of so-called facts into bright reality. It takes considerable courage to find the plus values of life, money and time, flouting price tags, adding machines and other dead-reckoning, but I can promise you a lot of satisfaction if you find sufficient courage."

* * *

And now I am going to talk about a book which in many respects is the most unusual book I have ever read. It is one of the most difficult I have

ever attempted to review or discuss and my main reason for bringing it to you, some of you may understand when I tell you the book is entitled "Alcoholics Anonymous," and is the story of more than 10,000 men and women who have recovered from the habit of drink. It is perfectly obvious to even a most casual observer that drinking is on the increase, in every strata of society, and there isn't a person listening to me now who doesn't know of at least one tragedy caused by the uncontrollable desire for alcohol. There is an organization working along entirely new principles, new techniques, and a new psychology, and the results are startling and dramatic. If I could be instrumental in this book's being read and contacts established with "Alcoholics Anonymous" by just one unfortunate victim of drink, this month's issue of *The Liberalist* would more than justify all of the expenditure of time and money which it costs.

I could introduce the book in no better way than by quoting from the foreword of the book itself. This is how the book is introduced: "We, of Alcoholics Anonymous, are more than 10,000 men and women who have recovered from a seemingly hopeless state of mind and body. To show other alcoholics **PRECISELY HOW WE HAVE RECOVERED** is the main purpose of this book. For them, we hope these pages will prove so convincing that no further authentication will be necessary. We think this account of our experiences will help everyone to better understand the alcoholic. Many do not comprehend that the alcoholic is a very sick person. And, besides, we are sure that our way of living has its advantages for all. It is important that we remain anonymous in order to more effectively handle the overwhelming number of personal appeals which may result from this publication. Being

mostly business or professional folks, some of us could not carry on our occupations if known. We would like it understood that our alcoholic work is an avocation. When writing or speaking publicly about alcoholism, we urge each of our Fellowship to omit his personal name, designating himself instead as 'A Member of Alcoholics Anonymous.' We are not an organization in the conventional sense of the word. There are no fees nor dues whatsoever. The only requirement for membership is an honest desire to stop drinking. We are not allied with any particular faith, sect or denomination, nor do we oppose anyone. We simply wish to be helpful to those who are afflicted. We shall be interested to hear from those who are getting results from this book, particularly from those who have commenced work with other alcoholics. We should like to be helpful to such cases. Inquiry by scientific, medical, and religious societies will be welcomed." This is simply signed by "The Alcoholic Foundation, Box 658, New York City 7." And then the book goes on for 400 pages, the first 165 of which are used to explain exactly the process by which Alcoholics Anonymous works. The last chapter in this first part is entitled "A Vision For You." How I wish I had time on this book chat to quote to you that entire chapter. If there is one person reading these words who is experiencing the uncontrollable appetite for that which destroys body and soul, this one chapter might be the beginning of an entirely new life for you: "For most normal folks, drinking means conviviality, companionship, and colorful imagination. It means release from care, boredom and worry. It is joyous intimacy with friends, and a feeling that life is good. But not so with us in those last days of heavy drinking. The old pleasures were gone. They were but memories. Never could we

recapture the great moments of the past. There was an insistent yearning to enjoy life as we once did and a heartbreaking obsession that some new miracle of control would enable us to do it. There was always one more attempt—and one more failure. The less people tolerated us, the more we withdrew from society, from life itself. As we became subjects of King Alcohol, shivering denizens of his mad realm, the chilling vapor that is loneliness settled down. It thickened, ever becoming blacker. Some of us sought out sordid places, hoping to find understanding companionship and approval. Momentarily we did—then would come oblivion and the awful awakening to face the hideous Four Horsemen—Terror, Bewilderment, Frustration, Despair. Unhappy drinkers who read this page will understand!” That is a quotation from “Alcoholics Anonymous,”

and is the first two verses of the chapter entitled “A Vision For You.” Then the book goes on in the second part and gives personal stories which are really testimonies of the miraculous victories which have been achieved through “Alcoholics Anonymous.”

The interesting part about all this is that while well established principles of psychology are used, the cures resulting from working with Alcoholics Anonymous are not medical at all. No medicine and no treatment of any kind is used. We welcome any method of cure, and there have been many alcoholics cured by other treatment, but this book especially concerns the work done by alcoholics anonymous.

Alcoholics Anonymous operates at the beginning on the sound principle that no one can be helped who is not wholly desirous and willing and ready to be helped.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

A GRAY and smoky day greets the eye as I look from the study window where I sit writing this message to our readers this December day. Masses of bare black branches against a misty, murky pall of fog that hangs low and tries to smother the city in its dusky folds! So I turn my back on the dismal view, and face a room made cheery with a crackling fire in the grate, and the mechanical radiance of electric lights, where a busy secretary is struggling with mounds of radio mail, from the depths of which I am going to bring you some of its in-

teresting contents.

As I turn from the window and all that is without, I realize that in much the same way, by the time you are reading these words, we will have turned our backs on 1945—that momentous year when World War No. 2, the most stupendous, the most awful in the history of the world, came to an end.

We turn from weary 1945—and oh! how weary an old year it was—and right in front of us stands little 1946. Yes, 1946 is very tiny—just at the age when a mother yearns over her little

one, and ponders on the future. Will he be strong and well? Will he grow up to be fine and true, brave and courageous? Will he be able to meet the trials, the problems and temptations of life? And oh, will he make the most of his opportunities—opportunities for greatness?

All the world turns to the little stranger with much the same feeling as the mother I have just described. A victory has been placed in the lap of 1946. A victory that is a precious heritage! Oh, can little 1946 be trusted with his heritage? Will he be strong to assume that responsibility? I know there's a prayer in your heart as well as mine that 1946 will do its very best to meet this precious heritage of responsibility for the One World we now live in. And so we greet the New Year with a cheer—a cheer to give him courage and a cheer to inspire us on to the greatest effort to help in every way we can. Let us make it a great, glad year. Remember, every true Victory must begin in your own heart. And now for a look at the Mail Bag.

* * *

A very appreciative little note came on a postcard from Amelia Rash of Keota, Iowa, which makes us realize the great worth of the gift of radio, and especially its value to the smaller and more isolated communities:

"Dear Mr. Bradley: I want you to know that I enjoy your evening talks on the radio so very much, they are always so interesting and inspirational. I also have read several of your books and enjoyed them equally as well as your broadcasts. I deeply appreciate your interest in 'shut-ins' as I have been in bed for almost four years with cardiac neurosthenia. I like books of philosophy very much, but I live in a very small town, so our library has very little of the reading material that I like. Sincerely yours, Amelia Rash."

Here is a very lovely letter which was received the other day from E. Hope Hopkins, a technician at Station Hospital, Fort Story, Virginia:

"Reverend Sir: Often when using 'The Litany' cut from one of the Peoples Church Sunday leaflets, I think that I should like to try to express the upsurge of gratitude that I feel toward the author of the most meaningful and deeply satisfying prayer I've ever known. The Christmas season is the occasion for my effort in this direction.

"In these times when all the world is so tragically missing 'the way' this prayer expresses the attitude of spirit from which all else must surely flow to us. It is a splendid piece of writing, through which shines the inspiration from which it stems. It is of immeasurable help to me as it must be to uncounted thousands.

"My most sincere and humble thanks. E. Hope Hopkins."

* * *

The following letter, or a part of it which we quote, is from a very responsible business man and for obvious reasons we are not giving the name, but it is a very authentic letter, with name and address of the writer given, and Dr. Bradley was very happy to receive it. In part the letter reads:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: While I am not a member of the Peoples Church, I am a member of 'Alcoholics Anonymous.' Thanksgiving marks six months of living the AA program for me. For this period of sobriety, together with its many blessings, I am deeply grateful to you. Perhaps this will come as a surprise to you." (Some of our readers may remember that Dr. Bradley gave a radio review of the book "Alcoholics Anonymous" on an early November broadcast.)

"However, early in 1945, your sermons seemed to hit home to me, and for the first time in my life I sincerely

wanted to do something about my drinking, as well as to gain some sort of spiritual understanding. I had read much about Alcoholics Anonymous, and they seemed to have what I needed. There are many similarities between your ideas of God and prayer and their entire philosophy of living. In my case, both seem to be working. Your radio review of the book was wonderful, and while you probably will not hear from all of them, hundreds of AA's have told me of its value to them.

"So for everything you have done for me, Dr. Bradley, let me just say 'thanks' until such time as I may better express my gratitude. Inasmuch as I was a member of the radio audience last Sunday, please accept my offering just a little late. Sincerely yours."

* * *

And as our last Mail Bag letter, I pick up one from Mr. E. E. Loughborough, 6148 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, which contains such a lovely message for this holiday season that I wish to share it with you:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The Yuletide Season, of which you have been forewarned by certain familiar signs and activities, is here again, affording to the people of many lands a welcome surcease from the usual cares and pur-

suits, and an opportunity to me to express my gratitude for your friendship, even though we have never met!

"Christmastime is a happy time, the happiest, I feel, of all the year, and the message which one lone star, traveling across the night of human experience, brings to me this year is that true friendship is the finest thing in all the world.

"Everywhere in the Christian world people are thinking of friends; in the hearts of adventurers and explorers beside lonely campfires are the faces of loved ones; in teeming cities and on isolated ranches, there are but few who are not bound by the ties of friendship to someone; to, in a larger sense, all the world!

"Christmastime is remembering-time, and I thought you would like it better, my friend, if I remembered you this year by writing you this little note instead of by sending the usual printed card!

"I wish you every good thing, a happy Christmas and a joyous New Year!

Cordially and sincerely yours,
F. E. Loughborough."

Be sure and write in the good New Year—

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FROM

July Through December 14, 1945

JULY

3—Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs. Virginia, Minnesota.

Address, Junior Chamber of Commerce. Virginia, Minn.

4—Fourth of July Address. Tower, Minnesota.

21—Address. Old Settlers' Picnic. McKinley Park, Lake Vermilion, Minn.

22—State Directors' Meeting. Minn. Jr. Assoc. of Commerce. Chisholm, Minn.

AUGUST

- 6—Arrowhead Civic Club. Address.
Duluth, Minn.
- 15—Address. St. James Presbyterian
Church. Tower, Minn.
- 19—Angora Unitarian Church. An-
gora, Minn.
- 22—Address. Rotary Club. Ely, Minn.
- 29—Address. Duluth Junior Chamber
of Commerce. Duluth, Minn.
- 30—Address. Rotary Club. Duluth,
Minn.

SEPTEMBER

- 6—Address. Convocation. Hibbing
Junior College. Hibbing, Minn.
Address. Rotary Club. Hibbing,
Minn.
- 9—Sermon. St. Andrews Presbyterian
Church. Ft. Williams, Ontario,
Can.
- 10—Address. Men's Club, Presby.
Church. Hibbing, Minn.
- 11—Address. Hibbing Chamber of
Commerce. Hibbing, Minn.
- 16—Opening Service. Peoples Church.
34th Year.
- 19—Lecture, High School Auditorium.
Howell, Michigan. (Benefit
Methodist Church)
- 21—Radio Address. WGN.
National Dog Week.
- 23—Sunday morning service. Peoples
Church.
- 24—Chicago Youth Conference.
Com. and Board Meeting. Chicago
Public Library.
Radio Address. WGN.
9th Season, same sponsor.
- 25—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Hotel Sherman. Women's
Defense Corps of America.
- 26—Radio Address. WGN.
- 27—Address. Officers' Group. Vaughan
Hospital.

Radio Address. WGN.

- 28—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Izaak Walton Leag. of
America. Elgin, Ill.
- 30—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. Oriental Consistory.
Freeport, Ill.

OCTOBER

- 1—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Congress Hotel, Chicago
Club for Crippled Children.
Address. 1st Congre. Church,
Dundee, Ill.
- 2—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Chicago Round Table,
Hotel Sherman.
- 3—Radio Address. WGN.
- 4—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Old Peoples Home.
Address. 1st Congr. Church, Blue
Island, Ill.
- 5—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Greater Bethesda Bap-
tist Church.
- 6—Address. National Arts and Let-
ters.
- 7—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Marion Avenue Baptist
Church.
- 8—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Woman's Club of Peo-
ples Church, Edgewater Beach
Hotel.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public
Library.
Board Meeting. Trustees of Peo-
ples Church.
Address. Anderson Hall, Business
Woman's Club.
- 9—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Norwood Park Woman's
Club.
Address. Maywood Lions Club,
1st Congregational Church.

- 10—Radio Address. WGN.
Congregational Church,
La Grange, Ill.
- 11—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Morgan Park H. S. Book
Review, Uptown Players Cen-
ter.
- 12—Radio Address. WGN.
Attended Meeting English Speak-
ing Union.
- 14—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Warren Ave. Congrega-
tional Church.
- 15—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Komensky School
P.-T.-A.
- 16—Radio Address. WGN.
Interview with Julia Stevens Kraft
(maker of Mrs. Stevens Candy)
Interview with Ralph Atlas.
- 17—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Riverside Friends of
Library, Riverside, Ill.
Address. Logan Square Congr.
- 18—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Friends of Literature
Dinner. Piccadilly Restaurant.
- 19—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Community Fund Din-
ner. Des Moines, Iowa.
- 21—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. United Church of Hyde
Park.
- 22—Radio Address. WGN.
Conference with Frank Schreiber,
Manager WGN.
Address. Men's Club. Peoples
Church.
- 23—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Borrowed Time Club,
Evanston, Ill.
Address. PTS, Hibbard School.
- 24—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Gardiner Hospital.
Address. Chicago Heights Wom-
an's Club. Meth. Ch., Chicago
Heights, Ill.
- 25—Radio Address. WGN.
- 26—Radio Address. WGN.
Meeting. Exec. Com. Chicago
Coun. Against Racial Discrim-
ination.
Meeting. Mayor's Race Commis-
sion, Bismarck Hotel.
Address. P.-T.-A. Norman Bridge
School.
- 27—Address. United Youth Council,
Roosevelt College.
- 28—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 29—Address. National Assoc. Ice
Cream Manufacturers. Con-
gress Hotel.
Committee Meeting. Chicago Pub-
lic Library.
Radio Address. WGN.
- 30—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Hamilton Park Woman's
Club.
Interview Polish Vice-Consul.
Address. P.-T.-A. Delano H. S.
- 31—Cutting record for Radio Address.
WGN.
Radio Address. By Transcription.
Address. First Baptist Church,
South Bend, Ind.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Gardiner General Hos-
pital.
Address. PTA Lincoln School.
- 2—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Arche Club.
Address. B'nai Israel Temple.
- 4—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Opening Evening Service. Peoples
Church.
- 5—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Women's Clubs Food for
Europe Committee. Hotel La
Salle.
Address. Woman's Traffic Club.
Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee,
Wis.
- 6—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. North Shore Kiwanis
Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

- Conference WGN re New Program.
Address. Pierce PTA.
- 7—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Trailer Coach Mfg. Co.
Natl. Convention, Morrison
Hotel.
Opening Book Lecture. Peoples
Church.
- 8—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Columbus Pk. Field
House Community Meeting of
Austin.
- 9—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Natl. Industrial Mfg.
Co., Florentine Rm., Congress
Hotel.
- 11—Two Services. Peoples Church.
- 12—Radio Address.
Address. War Chest Campaign.
Opening Bkfst., Oliver Hotel,
South Bend, Ind.
Address. Annual Dinner. Peoples
Church School. Anderson Hall.
- 13—Radio Address. WGN.
- 14—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 15—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Officers' Group. Vaughan
Hospital.
- 16—Radio Address. WGN.
Attended Founders' Day Dinner.
Roosevelt College.
- 18—Two Services. Peoples Church.
- 19—Radio Address. WGN.
Board Meeting. Chi. Pub. Library.
Attendance Chi. Literary Club.
- 20—Radio Address. WGN.
Conference. Shreve Estate.
Address. Woodlawn Woman's
Club.
Address. Roosevelt PTA, Elm-
hurst, Ill.
- 21—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
30th Wedding Anniv. Reception,
Anderson Hall.
- 22—Radio Address. WGN.
- Thanksgiving Sermon. Peoples
Church.
- Noon Radio Address. WGN.
- 23—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Congr. Beth Itzhok.
- 25—Two Services. Peoples Church.
- 26—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. So. Shore High School.
Address. Mid-City Odd Fellows
Temple.
- 27—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Bloom Twnshp. H.S.
- 28—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 29—Radio Address. WGN.
Meeting. Chicago Council Con-
ference Shreve Estate.
- 30—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. North Side Animal Shel-
ter.
- DECEMBER**
- 1—Address. Mid-West Conference
FEPC. Ill. Room, LaSalle
Hotel.
- 2—Two services. Peoples Church.
- 3—Radio Address. WGN.
WGN Conference, "Your Right
to Say It."
Address. North Side Dental Soci-
ety.
- 4—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Rockford Jewish Com-
munity.
- 5—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 6—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Woman's Ideal Club,
Blackstone Hotel.
Attending Peoples Church Bazaar.
- 7—Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance at Peoples Church.
Bazaar all day and evening.
- 9—Two services, Peoples Church.
- 10—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Kenosha Hosp. Aux.
- 11—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. North Shore Day School,
Winnetka, Ill.

Attendance "Alcoholics Anonymous."

12—Radio Address. WGN.

Attendance luncheon to Marshall Field by Jewish War Veterans.

Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

13—Radio Address. WGN.

Address. Chi. Council of Polish University Students.

14—Radio Address. WGN.

Address. Hebrew Inst. of Albany Park.

CHRISTENINGS

SEPTEMBER

16—Geoffrey Edward Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Russell.

23—Don Bradley Lopez, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lopez.

23—Christopher Jo Jensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Jensen.
Donald Bruce Sullivan, son of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Sullivan.

OCTOBER

7—Richard Gary VanDerStuyf, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard VanDerStuyf.

Barbara Ann Vanderstuyf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderstuyf.

Dennis Jordan and Charles Jordan, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Jordan.

25—David Charles Dees, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dees.

28—Joyce Marianne Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Perry.

NOVEMBER

4—John William Brink, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milan Brink.

Starr Ellen Sieling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sieling.

25—Steven James Simonoff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Simonoff.

DECEMBER

2—Richard Mark Barabas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barabas.

9—Melva Jeanne Brogden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Brogden.

Elaine Leslie Brogden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Brogden.

WEDDINGS

SEPTEMBER

15—Henry Corsell and Helen Phillipson

Carl Eckdahl and Helen Wager

22—Vernon A. Weamer and June Flowers

Arnold Schuemen and Eleanore Anderson

29—Dr. Carl Vinnedge Shipley and Dorothy Ann Haw

George Blaney and Margaret Stewart

Otto H. Carlson and Juanita N. Carlson

OCTOBER

9—Frederick Lord and Irene Nolan

12—Walter H. Harrison and Jeanne Anderson

20—Frank Smith and Dorothy N. Purcell
George W. Hobson and Thelma M. Cooledge
James E. Drake and Joyce Heese

Andrew L. Wydeck and June L. Dann

27—Tom Ruffin and Lennox D. McClanahan
Arthur V. Johnson and Virginia Vuillemot

Wm. F. Drohan and
Margaret Ewing
Edward Penk and
Marjorie Backer

NOVEMBER

- 2—Floyd Wolf and
Evelyn Curto
3—Robert Jorgensen and
Glenna Smyth
Guy W. Kimberlin and
Corrine Switzer
Michael Ferro and
Helen Melander
10—Selwyn Da Buhr and
Arlene Oberg
Joseph E. Leick and
Marie Snyder
Ladislov Buzek and
Olga Tichy
Alec Mitchell and
Alice Cooper

- 17—Jos. F. Jackson and
Twila Coulter
19—James D. Cole and
Josie Lee Rose Jaquith
20—Francis D. Sullivan and
Miss Burrell Mahaffy
21—H. F. Jacobs and
Ruth M. Runquist
22—Oliver G. Becker and
Mrs. Nora M. Lindgren
Robert A. Thuerk and
Miss Quida Dunn
25—Paul B. Duggan and
Nora Whitehead
28—Dr. Jos. Zagata and
Dr. Ruth Myers
29—Thomas O'Rourke, Jr. and
Marguerite Haines

DECEMBER

- 14—Frank Jemaitis and
Jane Jewell

FUNERALS

SEPTEMBER

- 22—Anton Vanek
29—Mrs. Betty Beier

OCTOBER

- 3—Walter Goetsche
4—Richard Gerstel
5—Lyman Bowron (Batavia, Ill.)
8—Mrs. Marie O. Cook
Mrs. Jessie Balkman
Mrs. Jennie May Falk
11—Mrs. Louise Bangs
12—Ernest White
13—Mrs. Rose Schuneman
Mrs. Eva Walker
16—Bernard Bahlenhorst
21—Mrs. Edna E. Hollinger
24—Mrs. Anna Ort
29—Edward Nelson

NOVEMBER

- 1—Thomas F. Manning
7—James Heyn
10—Horton Godfrey
Mrs. Alice H. Moore

Frank Scheiner

- 13—A. B. Korman
14—Mrs. Emma Allner
16—Wm. Hawelka
17—Byron H. Elliot
23—Ewald Bargman
24—Dedication of monument to John
A. Sokol
25—Eliza Dahl
27—Dr. Walter W. Frank

DECEMBER

- 1—Rose Hawkins
3—Emma Nordstrom
5—Ethel M. Harmon
Estelle G. Simpson Severance
6—Dr. B. A. Roman
8—Mrs. Fannie Fulton
10—Raymond D. Close
Mabelle Alice Engstrom
11—Charles Schwartz
12—Mark Hann
Melburn W. Hagen
14—Olive M. Pollaschek

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month

gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send \$1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your \$1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check _____ for \$1.50.
Money Order _____

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street

Whitehall 5257

* * *

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

by Moss Hart and George Kaufman

Starring J. Bradley-Griffin in the title role

OPENING NIGHT—January 4th—And every Friday and Saturday night during January. Mr. Bradley-Griffin has chosen this as his one starring role of the season.

* * *

JANUARY DRAMA TEA

Sunday, January 6, at 4 o'clock

J. Bradley-Griffin will give a dramatic interpretation of

"THE PROPHET" by Kahlil Gibran

Lulu Jones Downing, Composer, at the Piano

Guest artist—May Barron of the Chicago Opera Company.

Philip Jorgensen at the Piano.

* * *

BOOK LECTURE

by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

January 10th at 8:30 p.m.—"Cass Timberlane" by Sinclair Lewis

* * *

Third Term of the Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre will open the week of January 28th.

* * *

February Production—"Hand in Glove," by Gerald Savery and Charles Freman. The one mystery play of the Season. It opened this month in London and already is a sensation. The Players sold out one entire house for this play even before the opening of the January production.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
 Adams, LeRoy
 Allen, Robert George, Ens.
 *Anderson, Frank
 Anderson, Harold
 Anderson, Norman P.
 Andrey, G.
 Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
 Arnopol, Richard Arthur
 Ball, Kenneth R.
 Bartlett, Tommy
 Baumann, Robert
 Berglund, William
 Berhalter, Howard
 Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
 Blue, Wayne P.
 Bluhm, Arthur
 Bluhm, Ben C.
 Bluhm, Herbert, Major
 Boaz, Charles
 Bower, Clyde F.
 Brosious, Donald W.
 Brosious, Edward P.
 Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
 Bunn, Robert R.
 Burkhard, Gordon Robert
 Byron, R. B.
 Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
 Carlsen, Howard
 Carlton, Rosalie M.
 Christ, Frank G.
 Code, James
 *Crane, Charles C.
 Cuzort, James T.
 Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
 DeWees, William Robert
 Droth, Betty
 DuMont, Harry
 Dwinell, Robert M.
 Eddy, George G., Jr.
 Edelhart, Marvin I.
 Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
 Elya, Verl
 Eronson, Frans
 Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
 Ettelson, David
 Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
 Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
 Felch, George
 Fishman, Carl Leonard
 *Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
 Fortuin, George J.
 Fulton, Robert Harry
 Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
 Fuss, June
 Freitag, George
 Freitag, John L.
 Garner, William C.
 Gau, William R.
 Gill, Robert E.
 Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
 Gray, Harry S.
 Gregg, Noel Dudley
 Gregg, Robert D.
 Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
 Hagen, John H.
 Hangel, Robert L.
 Hannum, Robert
 Hansen, Harold E.
 Hansen, Robert J.
 Harbert, Marvyn F.
 Harling, Robert, Sgt.
 Heg, Winslow
 *Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
 Henderson, William
 Hendrich, John
 Henning, Anne E.
 Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
 Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
 Hurley, Betty Best
 Hurley, William R., Sgt.
 Ingersoll, Harold
 Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
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 Lichtenebert, Rudolph
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 Meyer, Kurt
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 Nelson, Howard C.
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 Phillips, Jim
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 Schnorr, Robert K.
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PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....	11:00 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....	7:30 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall..	9:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....	8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium.....	7:30 p.m.
WOMAN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall.....	1:00 p.m.

Monday, Jan. 7th, Legislation and Club Institute Day. Mrs. S. J. Brickley, Club Institute Chairman and Moderator; Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Legislation Chairman. "What New Laws Do We Favor?" Participants: Mrs. Bassler; Mrs. W. M. Holmes, Civil Service Chrm.; Mrs. Thomas Sumner, Intrnl. Relations Chrmn.; Miss Ethel Fowler, Citizenship Chrmn.; Mrs. Roy Monson, Education Chrmn.; Mrs. Geo. Clark, Rehabil. Chrmn.; and Mrs. John Powell, Conservation Chrmn. Audience to join in discussion. Guest Artist, Mary Clarke, Contralto.

Monday, Jan. 14th, Rehabilitation Day, Mrs. George Clark, Chairman.

Monday, Jan. 21st, Luncheon and cards. Ways and Means Dept., Mrs. Charles Binder, Chairman.

Monday, Jan. 28th, Education Day, Mrs. Roy Monson, Chairman. Dr. F. C. Rosecrance, of Northwestern University, will speak on "The Citizen of Today and Tomorrow." Guest artist, Miss Marion LaBadie, soprano, Mrs. Villa H. Boaz, accompanist.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, Jan. 7th, Program of Movies by the Santa Fe Railroad.

Monday, Jan. 21st, Book Review by Miss Genie Wilson. Book to be announced.

MEN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Mondays of the month.... 8:00 p.m.
January meeting, Monday, January 28th.

USHERS' CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 1st Tuesday of each month 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257

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(See Special Schedule, page 22, this issue)

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning sermon and the entire church service broadcast 11:00 to 12:30

WGN—Every Sunday—"Your Right to Say It"

Dr. Bradley, Moderator..... 6:00 p.m.

WGN—Every Weekday Evening, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

Book Review on Wednesdays—Question Box on Fridays.

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